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RESPECTFULLY call the attention of their
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erally, to their very extensive stock of Season-
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400 ps. of English and American Calicoes,
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Black Italian Silks,
Blue and black satin striped silk,
Fig'd and Fancy cold do. do.
Linen and Silk Pocket hdkfs.,
French needle worked collars,
Ladies' Cravats and Ties,
White, black and Pink crape,
Rich black Silk Shawls,
" cold do.
Embroidered Mous De Lane Shawls,
Plain black do. do.
Rich heavy fringed black Silk Shawls,
" cold do. do.
Black Cashmere do.
Thread and Lisle Laces and Edgings,
Silk Gloves and Mitts, long and short,
Black and cold Kid Gloves,
Rich Bonnet and Cap Ribbons,
The latest style of Bonnets and Flowers,
Silk, Cotton and Cashmere hose,
Swiss edgings and Laces,
Grass and Marseilles Shirts,
Rich satin striped Barge Scarfs,
Table and towel diaper,
Bleached and brown domestic,
Bleached and brown drillings,
Omnibus, Bed Ticking and Cotton Yarns.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
Collins and Hunt's axes,
Drawing Knives and hatchets,
Trace chains, hames and horse collars,
Blind bridges, back bands and Saddletags,
Knives and Forks, Spoons, butcher and Shoe
Knives, and a variety of other articles in that line.

GROCERIES.
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses and Salt,
Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Nutmegs,
Rice, Salsaparilla, Camphor and Cloves, together
with a general assortment of Queens, China and
Glassware.

We also have on hand a general assortment of
Iron, Steel, Nails and Castings, all of which will
be sold at the lowest possible prices to our custo-
mers, or exchanged for the following kinds of
produce: Hemp, Wheat, Bacon, Linen, Flaxseed,
Beeswax, Feathers, &c.
April 17th, 1847.

LATEST YET.

SWITZLER & SMITH,

HAVING just received their Spring supply
of Goods, respectfully invite the attention
of the public to an ample supply of very desirable
Goods, including

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE, CHINA & GLASSWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND BONNETS,

CASTINGS,

GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS,

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,

WHITE LEAD AND LIMESEED OIL,

DRUGS, &c., &c.,

Forming on the whole a very full and general
supply, the whole of which are for sale at as low
prices as by any house in the country, for cash
or on our usual terms to punctual customers.

SWITZLER & SMITH.

Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

Fresh Groceries.

WE are now receiving, and offer for sale,

30 hds. prime N. O. Sugar,

60 Sacks " do. do.

40 boxes M. R. raisins,

1 tierce Rice,

40 Kegs Junata nails,

10 Tons assorted iron,

3000 pds. spun cotton,

20 barrels sugar house molasses.

4 " golden syrup,

3000 pds. No. 1 Leaf Sugar,

5 barrels Linseed oil,

100 kegs white Lead,

5 barrels pure Tanner's oil,

2 " Lamp-black,

400 sacks coarse salt,

100 " fine "

150 bbls. Kanawa "

Together with a full stock of castings, Glassware,
Window Glass, Brooms, Hames, Black-smiths'
Bellows, Salsaparilla, Elysian springs, &c.

HUGHES, BIRCH & WARD.

Fayette, May 1st, 1847.

Family Groceries.

Leaf and brown Sugars,

Crushed do.

Coffee, Spices, Chocolate, Mustard

Ground Pepper, Vinegar,

N. O. and Sugar house Molasses,
Mackerel, Vinegar, Tar,
Dye Stuffs, (of all kinds)
Very fine fresh Teas,
Star and Tallow Candles, &c., &c., for sale
by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

CRANOMETER.—Heads of all shapes and
sized fitted with beautiful hats, by
S. NOURSE, No. 98 Main Street.
St. Louis, June 24th, 1847.

PERFUMERY.—I have received a large supply
of Perfumery, consisting of Cologne Water,
Cosmetics, Fancy Soaps, Oils, &c., which will be
sold very low.
WM. R. SNELSON.
Fayette, March 27th, 1847.

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 8.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847.

No. 23.

From the St. Louis Organ.
STANZAS—TO MY MOTHER.

By MRS. S. E. ALDEN.

There's music in a mother's voice,
There's love's soft gentle tone,
Which thrills the heart with ecstasy,
And bids its homage own.
'Tis the first music that we hear,
The first that greets our welcome ear.

There's music in a mother's sigh,
There's sorrow, grief and woe,
That fills the soul with silent fear,
While tears unbidden flow.
'Tis the first lesson to us given,
That earth, tho' fair, is not like Heaven.

There's music in a mother's joy,
There's friendship, hope and love,
It sheds deep peace round her home,
'Tis bright like that above,
And to the youthful heart it seems,
An extract pure from heavenly streams.

There's music in a mother's love,
There's melody so sweet,
That all the passions of the soul,
In harmony do meet;
Its balmy sounds allay our fears,
Like angel's notes of yon bright spheres.

And when that voice is hushed in death,
Its echoes may I hear,
As gently o'er my trembling heart,
They vibrate soft and clear;
Its music then will cheer and bless
Guiding to endless happiness.

READING THE WILL.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FORTUNE-
HUNTER.

This evening I received a note from my
affianced bride, Constance Graham, request-
ing me to attend at 2 o'clock that day at
the house of her late uncle in Harley-
street, for the purpose of hearing his will
read. I had the greatest pleasure in com-
plying with this invitation. I had really
begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was
going to remain perpetually on the earth;
like Mrs. Norton's "Undying One;" he was
always on the point of death, and always
cured, and better than ever in the course
of a few days; last month the cold water
system seemed to completely renovate him,
but he suddenly relapsed, departed from
the world, and left fifty thousand pounds
and a will behind him. Though Constance
is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my
acquaintance, I had determined never to
marry her while her uncle lived; he had
frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but
as frequently took offence at something or
at nothing in her behavior, and bequeathed
his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lunatic
asylum. I felt quite easy on the present
occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's
house-keeper, had given me information
that, only an hour before her master's death,
he told her he had handsomely provided
for Constance. I felt, however, that it was
my policy to appear ignorant of that cir-
cumstance, Constance being very roman-
tic, and Constance's mother very suspi-
cious.

At the appointed time I walked into the
drawing-room in Harley-street; the very
few relatives of the old gentleman were
assembled. There was Constance, looking
as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had
ever worn crape and bombazine; Con-
stance's mother, looking stiff, cross, and un-
easy; an elderly female cousin, and a strip-
pling nephew of the deceased. I feared none
of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked
his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the ser-
vility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the
frolics of his strippling nephew. I seated
myself by Constance, and in a soft tone
began to protest my affection and disinter-
estedness. "Knowing the caprice of your
uncle, my beloved," I said, "I have every
reason to conclude that I shall hear
you are disinherited; this, however, will be
of little moment to me; I have enough for
comfort, though not for luxury, and as the
song beautifully says—

"Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot
That the wealth of the cottage is love."

"Ifancy Mr. Chilton," said Constance's
mother, looking excessively sneering and
shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that
my daughter is the sole heiress of her
uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam!" I replied, with a start
of surprise, "I was not aware that any
surmise was hazarded concerning the con-
tents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazard," sharply
interposed the elderly cousin, "that Mr.
Graham was not in his senses when he made
it."

"The mind must be both base and weak,"
retorted Constance's mother, "which could
give credence to such a rumor." And forth-
with a sparring dialogue took place between
the two ladies, during which I whispered to
Constance a page of Moore's poetry done
into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor
and intimate friend of the late Mr. Gra-
ham; he was a handsome young man, and
had presumed at one time to lift his eyes to
Constance; he opened the will, and we all
became mutely attentive! Oh, what a dis-
appointment awaited us! Three thousand
pounds were bequeathed to Constance,
(this was the old fellow's idea of a hand-
some provision!) Five hundred pounds to
the elderly cousin, ditto to the strippling
nephew, small legacies to the servants, and
the remainder of his wealth to found a
cold water establishment for the reception
of those who were not rich enough to pay
a gratuity for being half drowned. Temple
read the names of the attesting witnesses,

and then refreshed himself with sherry and
biscuits. As he was a friend of the family,
his presence was no restraint on conversa-
tion.

"That will ought to be disputed," said
Constance's mother, looking very red; "I
do not believe Mr. Graham was in his sen-
ses when he made it."

"I thought," said the elderly cousin with
a sneer, "that the mind must be both base
and weak which could give credence to
such a surmise."

"Dear mamma!" said Constance, "do not
be discomposed; I am very well contented
—I shall not be a portionless bride." Con-
stance here held out her delicate white hand
to me—I affected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not
believe me so cruel and so selfish as to
wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said that your income was
sufficient for every comfort," remarked the
strippling nephew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but
continued: "No, Constance, though it breaks
my heart to do so, I give you back your
freedom, saying, in the pathetic words of
Haynes Bayley, 'May your lot in life be
happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!' I
was just making for the door, leaving Con-
stance looking more like Niobe than Hebe,
when Temple said, 'I think the party had
better remain till I have read the codicil.'"

I repeated myself in amazement, and Tem-
ple forthwith read that the testator, being
convinced that he had received no benefit
from the cold water system, revoked and
rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the
same to his beloved niece, Constance Gra-
ham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I ex-
claimed, in the softest of tones. But Con-
stance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe,
but as stern and severe as Media. I then
attacked Temple. "Is it legal?" I said,
"only to read part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he re-
plied, "and, having greatly fatigued myself
by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly
legal to refresh myself with a glass of
sherry before I read the codicil."

I was going to utter some further re-
marks, when Constance's mother said,
"Good morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone
of voice which left me no alternative but
to echo her leave-taking, and I descended
the stairs, pursued by a smothering laugh
from the party in the drawing-room, re-
turned home in very low spirits, and en-
tered my adventure or rather my misfor-
tune in my diary, deducing this valuable
piece of advice to a gentleman in search
of a fortune: "Never believe that a will is
concluded till you have inquired whether
there is any codicil to it."

SMILES.

A smile upon some kindred face,
When human hearts with grief are bowed,
Is like the golden rays that chase
The darkness from the summer cloud.
It lifts, and thrills, and brings a cheer
To gild with 'joy the saddest hours,
And sparkles on the soul as clear
As dews that sleep on fainting flowers.

Value of Newspapers.—In this age of
universal reading, a newspaper is as essen-
tial to man's comfort as any other neces-
sary, mental or physical. The poorest sov-
ereign in America is better off than the rich-
est of the Roman emperors, who know
nothing of newspapers. Dr. Aubutnot
very wittily says that Augustus Caesar, with
all his greatness and richness, had neither
glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back;
but it is questionable if his lack of light
and linen was half so great an evil as that
involved in the absence of newspapers from
the imperial breakfast table. Julius Caesar,
with a copy of a daily newspaper, would
have made a much greater stir in the world,
and what is more would have known while
living the extent of the fame that he had ac-
quired, and what amount would descend to
posterity.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Mexicans Playing the Possum.—A writer
from Vera Cruz relates the following anec-
dote:

When we entered Alvarado, they wished
to keep one room secret from us—one in
which all the correspondence and public pa-
pers were found secreted. In that room
they had laid out a pretended corpse on the
table, and asserted the man was dead.—
Maj. B. wanted the comfort of the quarters,
and ordered the door to be forced in, and
though dark examined the corpse. He or-
dered the sergeant to take it off and bury it
—this order induced the dead man to break
out and run with all his might, to the
amusement of the spectators.

A singular custom prevails among the
Sioux Indians. Whenever a white man
has resided among them for the space of a
month, he is required to take unto himself a
wife. The chief of the band with which he
is, at the end of this time, comes to him with
a young and handsome squaw, whom he
must espouse and protect according to their
customs, or leave their country immedi-
ately.—*Prairie du Chien Patriot.*

The passion of love is said to excite in-
flammatory fevers, hysterics, and madness.

We never knew persons disposed to
scorn the humble, who were not them-
selves fit objects of scorn to the poorest.

CURIOUSITY.—A lady in Providence, R. I.
has satisfied her curiosity, in the discovery,
that there are 3,825 seeds in a fig.

"There is one kind of tea," said a ser-
geant to his captain after calling the roll,
"that ought to be heavily taxed, and that is
absentee."

From the Baltimore Western Continent.
COUSIN PETE'S HORSE RACE.

By MAJOR JONES, OF PINEVILLE, GA.

I don't believe there ever was such an
everlasting fool about horses as Cousin Pete.
You know there's some people who don't
know anything else but horse-knowledge,
and don't know any other kind of history
but horse history. Well, that's the way
with Cousin Pete. Uncle Josh sent him
down to Augusta to the Doctor Factory
what they've got there—and which may be
said to be the beginning of domestic manu-
factures in Georgia—to try to make a doc-
tor of him. But it was all no use. When
he came back, the only kind of anatomy he
knewed anything about was to tell the
good points in a horse, and his physiology only
enabled him to tell one horse from another
thout knowin their names. He was a mon-
strous site nearer a horse doctor than a
medical doctor, and understood curin the
distemper, the bots, and such horse ailments,
a great deal better than he did prescribin
for the fever 'n ager. He never read no
other book but the "Turf Register," and
didn't take no other paper but the "Spirit
of the Times;" and when he went to see the
galls, all he had to talk about was horses,
and if he could git 'em to listen to him,
he would give 'em the peddlegrees of all the
great race-horses in the country, from their
dams clear back to their everlastin great
great great great grand dams.

He always had two or three of Uncle
Josh's horses in train, and every now and
then he was tradin one of 'em off for a
blood racer to some Yankee pedlar or other,
when he never missed gettin cheated all
to pieces. Uncle Josh used to raise a muss
about his horse trades some times, but Pete
was termed to have a crack nag, as he
called 'em, and every man that passed
through town was certain to get a banter
for a trade, if his horse had any pints
about him, which Pete was always the first
one to discover.

One day, shure enough, he jumped up a
real Eclipse, a regular crack nag. The man
was takin him to New Orleans, and didn't
want to part with him, as he was entered
for the great fall Sweepstakes. But Pete
was bound to have the horse, if it cost him all
the money and horses he could raise. Two
of Uncle Josh's best horses, and three hun-
dred dollars in cash, was the man's lowest
notch, and Pete closed the bargain. The
man left Pineville the next day, and Pete
was the owner of a racer, a crack nag—
a real Eclipse, with a string of dams long
enuff to dam all the horse flesh in Christen-
dom. He was so completely tick up with
his bargain, that he didn't talk of nothin
else but his thorough-bred crack nag for
more'n a month, and two or three times a
day old Saul had to carry it all round town
to exercise it. Pete had two or three of
Aunt Mahaly's best blankets and sheets cut
up to make professional garments for his
racer, and you may depend it cut a swell
bout Pineville, kivered all over up to the
very ears, and its eyes lookin out through
two holes bound round with red flannel.

Every body was quizin him about his
racer; but he didn't care much what most
of 'em said, cause he know'd they wasn't
no judge of horses.

"What upon yeath is you gwine to do
with that creeter, Doctor?" ses Mr. Mont-
gomery to Pete one day.

"Why, Mr. Montgomery," ses Pete,
"that's one of the finest blooded horses in
all Georgia—a real genuine Eclipse, by a
Timoleon colt, whose dam was a—"

"Well, well," ses the old gentleman, "what
of all that. What's the animal good for,
Doctor—that's the question?"

"Why, he's—I can tell you—He can
beat any horse in Georgia."

"At what?" ses Mr. Montgomery.

"Runnin mile heats," ses Pete.

"Well, what's heats good for?" ses the
old man.

"Why," ses Pete, "to show the blood of
the horse."

"Well, what's the good of his blood, if
he aint good for nothin but to run heats?"

"A heap!" ses Pete. "The fact is, Mr.
Montgomery, I see you don't know much
bout horses. Spose, now, I was to have a
patient three miles off, what was gwine to
do if I didn't get to him in ten minutes—
wouldn't my horse be worth something
then?"

"Indeed, I don't think it or its master ei-
ther would be worth much to a man in that
situation," ses Mr. Montgomery. "One
would do him bout as much good as tother,
if you fool away so much of your time
with horses. This keepin of race horses is
a monstrous poor business, Dr. Jones. It's
more degeneration to the character of men
than it is improvin to the blood of horses;
and whenever I see a young man gettin
sich foolish notions in his head, I can't help
but think of the piece of poetry what I red
in the newspapers when I was a boy—

"John ran so long and ran so fast
No wonder he ran out at last.
He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanced all and ran away."

"If you'll take my advice, you'll—"

But Pete was so outdacious mad that he
didn't stop to hear him out. Away he went
down to Mr. Harley's store, what ther was
a lot of the boys lookin at his racer, what
Saul was leadin about in its blanket.

"Do you call that a race horse?" ses Bob
Moreland.

"A genuine Eclipse," ses Cousin Pete
—"jest a little bit ahead of any thing in
these parts."

"Well, I can tell you what, Doctor, I
think you is most bominally tuck in in that
critter, if you bought him for a racer," ses
one.

"It looks to me like it haint had a good
feed of corn in a month," ses another.

"I wouldn't give my mule Blaze not for
two sich," ses Billy Wilder.

"I'll bet old Ball can run it out of a ten
acre lot," ses Bob Moreland. "It aint no
racer."

"Maybe you'd like to bet something,"
ses Cousin Pete, lookin as wise as if he was
feelin somebody's pulse.

"I don't care about bettin much, but I'll
go you a few bits that I can beat it with any
critter standin at that rack yonder," ses
Bob.

By this time Cousin Pete begun to git
monstrous hot.

"I'll bet you five hundred dollars," ses he,
"that ther aint no piece of horse flesh in
the county that can beat my horse, and if
any of you want to try it, that's a chance
for you," ses he.

"Why, Doctor," ses Tom Stallins, "I can
beat that thing of your'n myself."

"Hal' hal'!" ses Pete, tryin his best to laff,
mad as he was. "Well that's the best yet."

"Well," ses Tom, "you was bantern for a
race for your old mule in the blanket thar,
and I've offered you a chance. If you is
a mind to back out you kin do so."

"Oh, yes," ses all of 'em, "it's a clean
back out."

"Take home your horse, Saul, and save
his feelins," ses Bob Moreland.

"Well, gentlemen," ses Pete, "if you want
to make a race, I'm your man, and I'll bet
you what you please, from five dollars up,
agin any thing you can bring, any distance,
any time, any way, and any whar. Now
let's see wholl back out."

"Nuff sed," ses Tom Stallins; "I takes
that banter myself. Now, skin your critter
and prance him up here, if you want to
see him beat to all creation."

"But," ses Pete, takin out his pocket book,
"you must remember, gentlemen, I don't
run my horse for nothin. How much is
the stakes?"

"Oh, jest something to make it interest-
in," ses Tom.

"Well," ses Pete, "the larger the amount
the more interestin to me."

"Stand up to him, Tom," ses Bob More-
land, "I'll back you."

"Yes," ses all of 'em, "we'll back you agin
the Doctor's pocket book, if that'll make it
interestin to him."

Pete was so riled to think that the fellers
would dare to question his judgment about
horses, that he was jest in the humor to bet
everything he had upon the face of the
yeath. He covered all the money the party
could raise, and wanted to bet 'em two
to one for their notes to any amount.

"Now," ses Pete, after the purse was all
fixed, "the understandin is 'play or pay.'"

"To be sure," says all of 'em.

"Half forfeit?"

"Yes," ses the fellers.

"Well, now, when is the race to come
off?"

"Rite now," ses Tom.

"Whar?"

"Here, rite on this very grit!"

"What distance?"

"Five hundred yards—two hundred and
fifty yards and back to the place where we
start."

"Very well," ses Pete. "Now whar's
your critter?"

"Here!" says Tom, pullin off his coat.

Pete was completely tuck back.

"Why, Tom stallins," says he, "is you
foolin, or is you lost yer senses? You
don't think of tryin to beat my horse five
hundred yards yerself?"

"Well, I don't mean to do nothin else,
hoss," ses Tom.

"What'll you run agin—"

"Yes, me! and if you want to make it a
leete more interestin, I'll go you a pair of
boots that I beat your crack nag fifty yards
in the five hundred."

"But I'm not joking about this race," says
Pete.

"Nor me neither," ses Tom, "and if you
are gwine to back out, fork up the forfeit."

Pete was satisfied Tom had no better
sense and seen there was no way to con-
vince him but to run, he told Saul to take
off the blanket, and bring the horse to him,
while the boys was measurin off the distance
and Tom was fixin for the race.

A stake was driv down in the middle of
the road, two hundred and fifty yards from
the place whar they was to start, and in a
few minutes Pete was mounted on his
horse, and Billy Wilder brung Tom Stall-
ins—who was whickerin and rearin, and
pitchin and cavortin about, with a red
handkerchief tied round his waist, worse
now any two year old, up to the judges stand,
to hear Judge Moreland's charge about the
rules of the race.